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Weinerwurst, per pound	25c
Knackwurst, per pound	25c
Frankfurters, per pound	25c
Ring Bologna, per pound	25c
Salami Sausage, per pound	40c
Cervelat Sausage, per pound	40c
Corned Beef, per pound	50c
Cooked Smoked Brisket, per pound	50c
Smoked Tongue, whole, per pound	30c
Bologna Sausage, per pound	25c

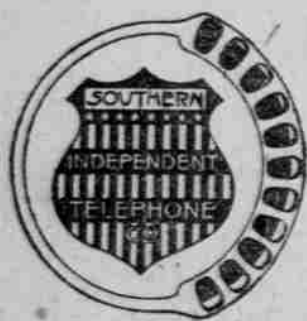
SPECIAL

Bloaters, each 10c, 3 for	25c
Boneless Codfish, 3 pounds for	50c
Sordellonn, 1 pound	80c
Holland Herring, 6 for	25c
Anchovies in kegs, each	35c
Bismark Herring, per can	50c
Fish Flakes, per can 15c and	25c
Ferndell Shad Roe, per can	25c
Lobster in Glass Jars	50c
Fresh Smoked Bloaters, 10c, 3 for	25c

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A Story Of Graustark

Truxton King

By George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTERS. Truxton King, an American millionaire's son, tired of the humdrum life and sets out to have some adventures. He reaches the kingdom of Graustark.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Marianx trained two of his big guns on the camp in the hills. From the fortress he threw many futile shells toward their place of shelter. They did no damage; instead of death, they brought only laughter to the scornful camp. Under cover of night the two Ganlock cannons were planted in a position commanding the southeastern city gate. It was the plan of the new besiegers to bombard this gate, tearing it to pieces with shot.

The knowledge that Marianx had no big guns except those stationed in the fortress was most consoling to Tullis and his friends. He could not destroy the castle gates with shells, except by purest chance. He could drop shells into the castle, but to hit a gate twenty feet wide? Never!

Truxton King was growing haggard from worry and loss of sleep. He could not understand the abominable, criminal procrastination. He was of a nature that did things with a dash and on the spur of the moment. His soul sickened day by day. John Tullis, equally unhappy, but more philosophical, often found him seated upon a rock at the top of the ravine, an unlighted pipe in his fingers, his eyes intent upon the hazy castle.

"Cheer up, King. Our time will come," he was wont to say. "Then came the night before the proposed assault on the gates. The guns were in position, and the cannonading was to begin at daybreak. Truxton was full of the bitterness of doubt and misgiving. Was she in love with Vos Engo? Was the count's suit progressing favorably under the fire of the enemy? Was his undoubted bravery having its effect upon the wavering susceptibilities of the distressed Lorraine?

The sound of a voice in sharp command attracted his attention. There was a bright moon, and Truxton could see other pickets hurrying to join the first. A few moments later several trespassers were escorted through the lines and taken directly to headquarters—a man and two women, King observed.

John Tullis was staring hard at the group approaching from the roadway. One woman walked ahead of her companions. Suddenly he sprang forward with a cry of amazement. It was the Countess Ingomede. Her arrival created a sensation. In

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a moment she was in the center of an amazed circle of men. Tullis, after his first low, eager greeting at the edge of the fire circle, drew her near to the warmth giving flames. Prince Dantian and Captain Haas threw rugs and blankets in a great heap for her to sit upon. Every one was talking at once. The countess was smiling through her tears. "Make room for my maid and her father. They are colder and more fatigued than I," she said, lifting her tired, glorious eyes to John Tullis, who stood beside her. "We have come from Balak. They suffered much that I might enjoy the slender comforts I was so ready to share with them."

"Thank God, you are here!" he said in low, intense tones. She could not mistake the fervor in his voice nor the glow in his eyes.

"I knew you were here, John. I am not going back to Count Marianx. It is ended."

"I knew it would come, Ingomede. You will let me tell you how glad I am some day."

"Some day, when I am truly, wholly free from him, John. I know what you will say, and I think you know what I shall say in reply." Both understood and were exalted. No other word passed between them touching upon the thing that was uppermost in their minds.

Food was provided for the wayfarers, and Tullis's tent was made ready for the countess and her maid.

The countess's story was soon told. Sitting before the great fire, surrounded by eager listeners, she related her experiences.

She had been seized on the night of the ball as she started across her father's garden, and escape had become possible only through the aid of Joseph and the girl's father. Farmers' wives told them of the newly formed army and of its leaders. She determined to make her way to the camp of those who would destroy her husband, eager to give them any assistance that her own knowledge of Marianx's plans might provide.

One bit of information she gave created no end of consternation among the would be deliverers of the city. It had the effect of making them all the more resolute; the absolute necessity for immediately regaining control in the city was forced upon them. She told them that Count Marianx had lately received word that the Grand Duke Paulus was likely to intervene before many days, acting on his own initiative, in the belief that he could force the government of Graustark to grant the railway privileges so much desired by his country. Marianx realized that he would have to forestall the wily grand duke. If he were in absolute control of the Graustark government when the Russian appeared he, and he alone, would be in a position to deal with the situation.

"The grand duke may send a large force of men across the border at any time," said the countess in conclusion. "Count Marianx is sure to make a decisive assault as soon as he hears that the movement has begun. He had hopes of starving them out, thus saving the castle from destruction, but as that seems unlikely his shells will soon begin to rain in earnest upon the dear old pile."

Truxton King was listening with wide open ears. As she finished this dreary prediction he silently arose to his feet and, without a word to any one, stalked off in the darkness. Tullis looked after him and shook his head sadly.

"I'll be happy on that fellow's account when daybreak comes and we are really at it," he said to Prince Dantian, who knew something of King's affliction.

But Truxton King was not there at daybreak. When he strode out of the camp that night he left it behind forever.

The unfortunate lack of means to communicate with the occupants of the castle had been the source of great distress to Captain Haas. If the defenders could be informed as to the exact hour of the assault from the outside they could do much toward its speedy success by making a fierce sortie from behind their own walls. A quick dash from the castle grounds would serve to draw Marianx's attention in that direction, diminishing the force that he would send to check the onslaught at the gates.

Truxton King had all this in mind as he swung off down the mountain road, having stolen past the sentries with comparative ease. The danger from Marianx's scouts outside the city was not great; they had been scattered and beaten by Haas's recruiting parties. He stood in more danger from the men he would help, they who were the watchful defenders of the castle.

It must have been 2 o'clock when he crossed the king's highway, a mile or more above the northern gates, and struck down into the same thick undergrowth that had protected him and Hobbs on a memorable night not long before.

At 3 o'clock a dripping figure threw up his hands obligingly and laughed with exultation when confronted by a startled guardsman inside the castle walls and not more than fifty yards from the water gate. He shouted a friendly cry as he advanced toward the man, calling out his own name.

Ten minutes later he was standing in the presence of the haggard, nerve-racked Quinnox, pouring into his astonished ears the news of the coming attack. The colonel lost no time in routing out the sleeping guardsmen and reserves and in sending com-

mands to those already on duty at the gates.

When the sun peeped over the lofty hills he saw inside the gates a restless, waiting company of dragoons ready for the command to ride forth.

Meantime King had crossed the grounds with Colonel Quinnox on the way to the castle. He was amazed, almost stupefied, by the devastation that already had been wrought. A dozen or more balls had crashed into the facade. Yawning fissures, gigantic holes, marked the path of the ugly messengers from Marianx. Nearly all of the windows had been wrecked by riflemen who shot from the roofs of palaces in and about the avenue. Two of the smaller minarets were in ruins. A huge pillar in the lower balcony was gone. The terrace had been plowed up by a single ricocheting shell.

"Great God!" gasped King. "It is frightful!"

"They began bombarding yesterday afternoon. We were asked to surrender at 3 o'clock. Our reply brought the shells, Mr. King. It was terrible. After the first two or three shells we found places of shelter for the prince and his friends. They are in the stone tower beyond the castle. The most glorious courage is shown. Count Vos Engo guards the prince and the ladies of the household. Alas, it was hunger that we feared the most. To-day we should have resorted to horseflesh. There was no other way. We knew that relief would come some day. John Tullis was there. And now it is today! This shall be our day, thank God!"

Attendants sped to the tower, shouting the battle tidings.

The prince came tumbling down the narrow iron stairs from his room above, shouting joyously to Truxton King. No man was ever so welcome. He was besieged with questions, handshakes and praises. Even the Duke of Perse, hobbling on crutches, had a kindly greeting for him. Tears streamed down the old man's cheeks when King told him of his daughter's safe arrival in the friendly camp.

But just now Truxton was staring at the narrow staircase. Vos Engo and Lorraine were descending slowly. The former was white and evidently very weak. He leaned on the girl for support.

Count Halfont offered the explanation. "Vos Engo was shot last week through the shoulder. He is too brave to give up, as you may see. It happened on the terrace. There was an unexpected fusillade from the house-tops. Eric placed himself between the marksmen and Miss Tullis. A bullet that might have killed her instantly struck him in the shoulder."

King never forgot the look in Lorraine's eyes as she came down the steps. Joy and anguish seemed to combine themselves in that long, intense look.

She gave him her hands. The look in her tired eyes went straight to his. Vos Engo drew back, his face set in a frown of displeasure.

"My brother?" she asked, without taking her gaze from his eyes.

"He is well. He will see you today." "And you, Truxton?" was her next question, low and quivering.

"Unharmful and unchanged, Lorraine," he said softly. "Tell me, did Vos Engo stand between you and the fire from the—"

"Yes, Truxton," she said, dropping her eyes as if in deep pain.

"And you have not broken your promise to him?" "No; nor have I broken my promises to you."

"He is a brave man. I can't help saying it," said the American, deep lines suddenly appearing in his face. Swiftly he turned to Vos Engo, extending his hand. "My hand, sir, to a brave man!"

"NOR HAVE I BROKEN MY PROMISE TO YOU," Vos Engo stared at him for a moment and then turned away, ignoring the friendly hand. A hot flush mounted to Lorraine's brow.

Vos Engo's response was a short, bitter laugh.

(To Be Continued.)

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